Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue pacience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle freinds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Glocester at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?
Dut. Glo No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:

* This speech in one Copy is giuen to the Dutchesse of

I am their mother, who should keepe me from
* I am their father, mother, and will see them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue t
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I do beseech your Graces all to pard
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

Enter Lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies at an h
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westm
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this dead liking newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares you
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee h
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heele
Thy mothers name is ominious to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of h
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter hou
Leaste thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Quee
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill dispearsing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent fo
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,